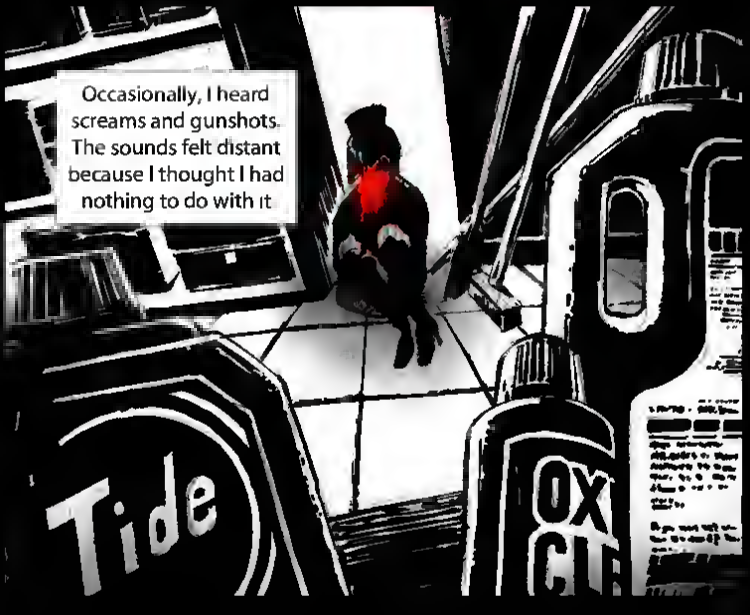
Warning:

May contain graphic material.
For mature audiences only - viewer discretion advised.



The blood didn't stop squirting out of my neck

The blood fills up my neck and starts clogging my wind pipe

That man must have failed. so I think. Meaningless laughter spurts out

Drip

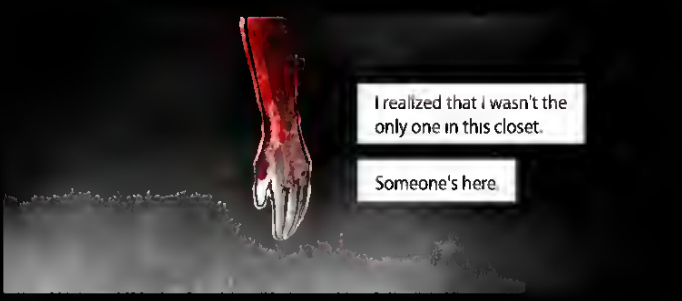
I heard a familiar sound
that broke through the silence.

I remember a memory that
I wish I didn't. I close my eyes

Drip

Drip

Drip

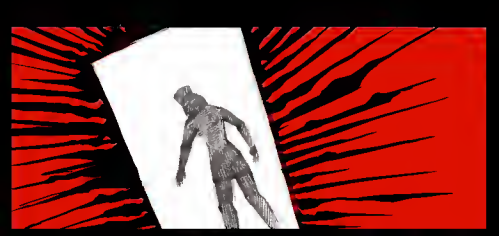

I realized that I wasn't the only one in this closet.
Someone's here.

She's

back.

HOMESICK

This is my imagination not reality. She seems too real to be a ghost
Do you still want to die?
The younger me asks a question. Her voice is appalling even though she's not real.
She's the same as the old me. Ruffled and disheveled hair. Droopy shoulders.
She looks at me fiercely. She doesn't even blink. I'm afraid.
I was lightheaded from blood loss, but I had to run away from her



As I walked past the door,
I smelled gunpowder everywhere.
Soon, I was overwhelmed by the stench of blood mixed with the smell of gunpowder.
I threw up.
It felt like my head was going to burst.

Do you really want to die?

I ran, but she did not disappear from my sight.
She was everywhere. She followed me to wherever I ran.
Do you really want to die?
Don't interfere! It doesn't matter what you do. I'm still going to die!

You saw?
You saw it, right?

No. No.

I don't remember.

I'm telling you
I don't remember!

I dan't remember!
Please, leave me alane!

To be continued...

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